Tit. Kild her for whome my teares haue mabe me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virgi ius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.
King. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede.
Titus. Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,
Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point,
He stabs the Empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deed
Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie kingdomes curtie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When

When with his solemne ton
To loue-sicke Didoes sad at
The story of that balefull bu
When subtile Greekes surpr
Tell vs what Sinon hath be
Or who hath brought the fa
That giues our Troy, our R
My hart is not compact of fl
Nor can I vtter all our bitte
But floods of teares will dro
And breake my very vttranc
When it should moue you to
Lending your kind commis
Heere is a Captaine let him
Your harts will throb and w
Lucius. Then noble audit
That curst *Chiron* and *Dem*
Were they that murdred our
And they it were that ravish
For their fell faults our broth
Our Fathers teares despisd,
Of that true hand that fough
And sent her enemies vnto th
Lastly my selfe vnkindly ba
The gates shut on me and tu
To beg reliefe among Rom
Who drownd their enmity i
And opt their armes to imbr
and I am the turned forth be
That haue preserud her welfa
And from her bosome tooke
Sheathing the steele in my a
Alas you know I am no vau
My teares can witnes, dumb a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.